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various quotations from Bishop Lightfoot's sermons and other writings, giving his matured views on the threefold ministry, which he declares to be "the historic backbone of the Christian Church."

The essays are all, therefore, of permanent interest and value, but we feel that the general reader will agree with us in preferring the dissertation upon St. Paul and Seneca. Here we have something which belongs not to history strictly ecclesiastical, but which deals in a fresh, bright way with one of the most interesting periods in secular history, "the only period," Gibbon says, "when the welfare of the people was the sole object of the government." The portraits of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, the descriptions of Stoicism, the comparison of Christian with Pagan ethics, these afford the author a splendid opportunity for the display of his vast learning in sacred and classical literature, and also for the exercise of his great powers of keen analysis and exhaustive criticism. The reader may miss the rhetorical fervor which characterizes Dr. Farrar's "Seekers after God," but he will rejoice in the chastened eloquence of style, the convincing accuracy of scholarship, and the profound philosophy of Dr. Lightfoot's dissertation.

The faultless typography, and the full index of this book are worthy of its contents and of the unrivalled University Press.
T. F. G.

The Death of Ænone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems. By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. New York and London, Macmillan & Co. 1892. 16mo, pp. vi., 113.

The present volume has the interest that always attaches to the last message of a great poet to the world; but it has not the interest that attached to Browning's "Asolando." There was a wonderful pathos in the telegrams that told how the dying poet had smiled in his far-off Venetian palace when informed of the gratifying sale his volume was having. We thought of the long years Browning had had to wait before

even a small edition of any of his books could be exhausted, and we pictured to ourselves the smile of the dying man and muttered, "Time brings his revenges." In our anxiety to make up for the injustice of a former generation we forgot to criticise, and it is questionable whether many of us have yet realized how little there is in the "Asolando" volume that can enhance Browning's fame.

"The Death of Ænone" arouses no such feelings. Tennyson had reaped in his manhood his full harvest of fame and, although his death came like a shock to us, we did not feel, when we heard that his last volume was in press, that here was a final message from one whom we had slighted and misunderstood. The very title of the volume invites criticism and comparison rather than the hushed reverence of unspeakable gratitude; for it is impossible to read "The Death of Ænone" without thinking of that exquisite prototype which to our youthful fancy made

All earth and air seem only burning fire.

We shall resist, however, this tendency to criticise—at least to criticise adversely, not only because we remember the old adage "*nil nisi bonum*," but also because we are convinced that if the Tennyson of this volume is to be measured against any of our modern poets it must be against the Tennyson of fifty years ago. But to essay such criticism is not the province of the writer of a short notice, nor is the time ripe for such an attempt. It must suffice us then to say, in general, that whatever be the total impression left by this volume, it is impossible to deny that it contains lines and passages of imperishable beauty—lines and passages which only the greatest modern master of English verse could have written. But this is only to say that every lover of the poet and every serious student of English literature should read the book and pick out the gems for himself. We can indicate a few only.

The dedicatory stanzas to the Master of Balliol are exquisitely Tennysonian without being noteworthy. In the lead-

ing poem the old charm breathes once more through the blank verse. Witness these lines describing the Trojan shepherds before the dead body of Paris:

One raised the Prince, one sleek'd the squalid hair,
One kissed his hand, another closed his eyes,
And then, remembering the gay playmate rear'd
Among them, and forgetful of the man,
Whose crime had half unpeopled Ilion, these
All that day long labour'd, hewing the pines,
And built their shepherd-prince a funeral pile;
And, while the star of eve was drawing light
From the dead sun, kindled the pyre, and all
Stood round it, hush'd, or calling on his name.

Of the two poems that follow, "St. Telemachus" and "Akbar's Dream," we can quote only the first stanza of the hymn to the sun that closes the last named piece—a hymn which almost justifies the application to Tennyson of his own matchless verse to Virgil,

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

Once again thou flameest heavenward, once again we see thee rise.
Every morning is thy birthday gladdening human hearts and eyes.
Every morning here we greet it, bowing lowly down before thee,
Thee the God-like, thee the changeless in thine ever-changing skies.

Of the rest of the volume, some of the poems of which are not new, we can mention only the humorous "The Church-Warden and the Curate," written in the Spilsby dialect and worthy of the greatest master of dialect poetry, and "The Silent Voices," the exquisite lines sung at the funeral in Westminster Abbey. While these last lines inevitably suggest an unfavorable comparison with their companion verses, "Crossing the Bar," they are enough to shame those foolish people who have been remarking for years on Tennyson's supposed loss of power. The author of "Demeter and Other Poems," of "The Foresters," and of "The Death of Ænone" is almost as conspicuous an exception to the rule that most poets do their best work before they are forty, as that great Grecian of whom he so strikingly reminds us, the

Singer of sweet Colonus and its child.